

Good Morning 273

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I GET AROUND-

Ron Richards'

COLUMN

WITH a photographer stress and strain caused him to develop a split personality, was successful.

Trouble about it was, there were so many Pressmen and sale-workers there and so few customers that we all looked around for something else to photograph.

Personally, I went a bundle on a mousey-haired W.A.A.F., but she was reporter-shy....



A CURIOUS ivy-covered monument in Pinner churchyard invariably attracts the attention of visitors.

It is well known to locals, but among visitors there are some equally curious beliefs about it.

It is the tomb of William Loudon, landscape gardener and writer, who died in 1809, and of his wife, Agnes, who died in 1841, and it was erected by their eldest son, John Claudius Loudon.

The monument is a tall pyramidal structure with stonework designed like a coffin protruding from it half-way up. The curiosity prompted a number of legends, the most popular of which was that the bodies were in the stone coffin, interred thus because "William Loudon and his wife inherited some money under a will which stipulated that they should receive a certain sum 'so long as their bodies were above ground.' By 'burying' his parents above ground a son sought to keep the bequest in the family."

So here is where the lens focused; she was peddling something and talking about draws—or something!

M. MATOUSEK, a leading Czechoslovakian painter and director of that country's School of Applied Art, founded in 1940 by Czechoslovakian artists who escaped from Paris, has exhibited a fine picture of his own. This entailed the sacrifice of his monthly egg.

He uses his shell-egg ration in the mixing of special colours known as "tempera." Dried eggs, M. Matousek explained, were of no use in art.

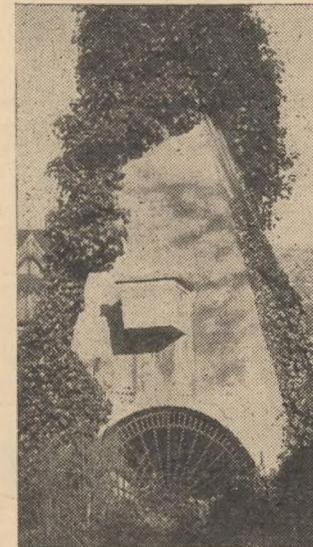
ALTHOUGH he is 74, Henry Pierrepont, the senior hangman, took his recent journey by bomber to Gibraltar to execute the Spanish saboteurs much as a matter of course. Actually, he was making history as the first hangman ever to be flown from this country to carry out his duties.

He caught a train from his home in Yorkshire to the airfield. Shortly after the execution, which was carried out without a hitch, the bomber returned to this country, and Pierrepont caught the train home.

Probably his most exciting journey, though, was at the request of Mr. de Valera's Government, when he went by sea to Ireland to execute a man at Dublin. He was specially commissioned for the task, because Eire had no official executioner. There was a demonstration against the employment of an Englishman, and Pierrepont was given an armed guard until he left for England.

"WORKING with five W.A.A.F. assistants split my mind," an ex-R.A.F. sergeant told a Pensions Appeal Tribunal at Liverpool recently.

His appeal for a pension on the grounds that great mental



L. s. d. of B.B.C.

BEFORE the war the B.B.C. made a "profit" for the Government. Now the Government pays for broadcasting, since the licence-money paid by some 9,000,000-odd listeners is not sufficient to cover the cost.

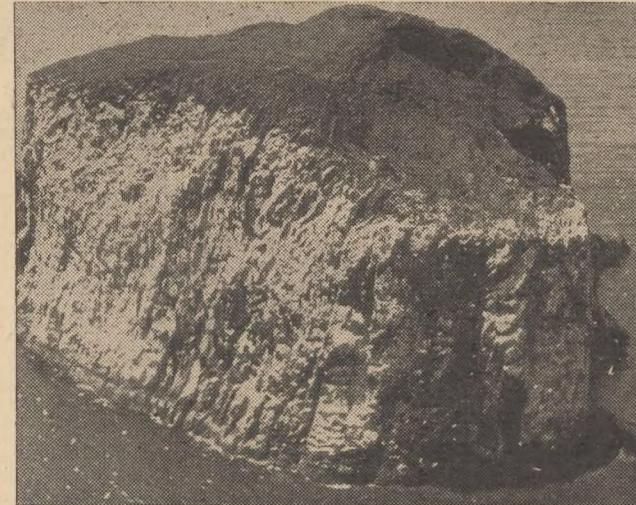
Revenue from licences last year was about £4,300,000, but with the vast expansion of the B.B.C.'s activities the cost for the last two years has been at the rate of £10,000,000.

The expansion, of course, has been largely in overseas broadcasts. The B.B.C. is no longer used simply for entertainment and education, but as a weapon of war.

How the B.B.C. has grown since the war is shown by the grants made—£3,759,526 in 1939, £6,700,000 in 1941, and £10,000,000 a year since. For it this we get an average total of over 100 hours' broadcasting a day, made up of 34 hours on the Home and Forces programmes, 28 hours to the Empire, 31 to Europe, and the balance to the Near East and South America.

No one makes a fortune out of the B.B.C. Salaries and fees are moderate. Talks also draw a royalty from each probably average out at £1 a minute. The author of a "full-dress" play might get £50 as workers.

FOUR MEN DEFIED BRITISH NAVY



TO-DAY the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth is fortified. It was fortified in the 17th century, when it was taken by four men, who held it against all comers, including the might of the British Navy, for three years, providing one of the strangest episodes in sea history.

The four men were amongst many who refused to accept the abdication of James II, and looked upon the Stuarts as the rightful kings of Britain.

They were sent to Bass Rock, which was regarded as a minor "Devil's Island," a safe place for political prisoners.

The garrison consisted of 30 soldiers, but the chief safeguard of the island was its steep cliffs. Only in one spot were they broken to afford a small landing beach.

It was because they found escape impossible that the prisoners decided to capture the island. They noted that when the boat called with provisions, reinforcements, etc., all the soldiers of the garrison, except three, went down to the little harbour to meet it. And they were careless in not taking their arms.

Somehow the prisoners overcame the three soldiers left on guard, descended to the harbour, and called on those unloading coal and supplies to surrender!

The soldiers obeyed, and were hustled aboard the boat, except for three who were kept, apparently as hostages.

With a fusilade of warning shots, the boat was pushed off and told to return to the mainland. The island had been captured "rebellion" calmly.

Before they could without a drop of blood being shed!

The truth is probably that some of the guards were in sympathy with the political prisoners.

At any rate, those kept as

hostages eventually joined them openly. And soon rowing boats were putting out from the mainland bringing provisions and recruits.

The news excited the country, but the Government took their bombardment was useless.

The garrison had ample

22 FEB. 1944

cover in the rocks, and caused casualties aboard the frigates by their small-arms fire. A landing on the single beach would have resulted in slaughter. The Navy decided on blockade.

The tide now flowed against the rebels. A small boat containing four, including their leader, Lieut. Halyburton, was captured, and one of them promptly hanged in full view of those remaining on the island.

Provisions were short, and Ensign Dunbar, now leader, asked for an armistice to talk terms. While he was busy agreeing to the terms, ships slipped through the blockade, with the result that when the "treaty" was taken to the island the rebels tore it up and chased the bearers back to the mainland.

Their morale was increased by the capture of a Danish ship carrying brandy and cigars!

So this strange siege continued. The number of men on the island varied, but was sixteen after two years' siege. The end really came through an accident.

A ship unloading supplies was surprised by the blockading warships and had to fly, leaving many of its crew on the island. They ate deeply into the limited provisions. The leader decided on surrender if he could get terms.

He showed himself a wily negotiator. He built dummy guns and men all over the island to give the impression that it was bristling with weapons and could hold out for years.

He received the delegates of the government with brandy and cigars. The Government was tired of this monotonous and humiliating struggle. The result was that when "peace" was signed after two years and ten months the rebels were not only allowed to keep their swords, but also their booty!

The fortifications on the island were, however, demolished, and it remained unfortified until 1937.



That's the penalty we have to pay for our acts of foolishness — someone else always suffers for them.

Alfred Sutro (1863).

"You oughtn't to yield to temptation."

"Well, somebody must, or the thing becomes absurd."

Anthony Hope.

We will not woo foul weather all too soon, Or nurse November on the lap of June.

Thomas Hood.

News from Home for A.B. John Allen

THE pup belongs to Gladys, Billy Veitch was calling to your five-year-old sister, see how you were getting on, and already it has been named and looking forward to joining you in a pint.

Your two sisters, Jane and Elsie, send fondest greetings.

Here is Mum and Gladys with the new addition to the family circle. He looks cute, doesn't he?

All's well at home, John. Good Hunting!



That is one of the stories often accepted as gospel, but I have the authority of W. W. Druett in his book, "Pinner Through the Ages," in saying that there is not a word of truth in it. The stone coffin is empty, and the parents are buried below. It is just an eccentric monument.

Ron Richards

This Killer was

Super Human

"I WISH you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a very unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished; but, secondly and chiefly, I wish to impress upon your understanding the very extraordinary, the almost preternatural, character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case I should rather under-value than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that very unusual activity of which I have just spoken with that very peculiar shrill or harsh) and unequal voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend, as men at times find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able in the end to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more.

"How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habitation. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all?

"In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold was abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered in bags upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of motive, engendered in the brains of the

JANE



Murders in the Rue Morgue

By
EDGAR ALLAN POE

Part VIII

police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house.

"Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it) happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration.

"In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been

action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body up such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigour of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it down!

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigour most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of grey human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself.

"Their roots (a hideous sight) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time.

"The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body—the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the brutal ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises

upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak.

"Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor, Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct.

"The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a grotesquerie in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac escaped from a neighbouring maison de santé."

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant; but the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found totally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved, "this hair is most unusual—this is no human hair."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he, "but before we decide this point I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a facsimile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises and deep indentations of fingernails' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne) as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

QUIZ for today



1. Faience is a dance step, kind of pottery, sweet herb, term in fencing, town in Mexico?

8. Which King of England was known as Old Rowley?

9. What is the capital of British Honduras?

10. What colour is the metal manganese?

11. For what do the initials D.O.R.A. stand?

12. In what country is the world's largest lake of asphalt?

Answers to Quiz in No. 272

1. Fairy.

2. (a) Max Pemberton, (b) Philip Guedalla.

3. Oxford is a university; others are public schools.

4. Whisky is Scotch, Whiskey is Irish.

5. Miss Dorothy Paget, with Straight Deal.

6. Nuneaton, Northampton, Newlyn, Nelson, etc.

7. Incandescent, Indigent.

8. A numismatist.

9. Balsa.

10. Medical Officer of Health.

11. Pago Pago.

12. (a) To pay Paul, (b) Robinson and Smith.

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no slipping apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim

(To be continued)



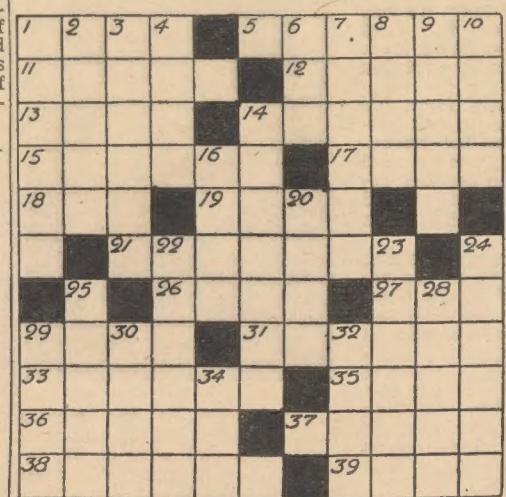
Conjuror: "And now for my last trick! I will make ze young lady disappear!"

Sailor: "Why?"

CROSSWORD CORNER

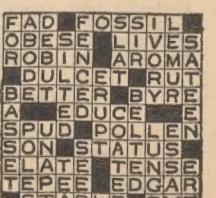
CLUES ACROSS.

- 1. Footballer.
- 5. Holder of high degree.
- 11. Assuage.
- 12. Girl's name.
- 13. Tumult.
- 14. Give joy to.
- 15. Disclose.
- 17. Music symbol.
- 18. Pronoun.
- 19. Money.
- 21. Candidate.
- 26. Forbid.
- 27. Aberdeen river.
- 29. Jest.
- 31. Going out.
- 33. Loved a lot.
- 35. Spirit jump.
- 36. Presses into one.
- 37. River of Kent.
- 38. Groups of corn sheaves.
- 39. Dry.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1. Hand-cart.
- 2. Stranger.
- 3. Split.
- 4. Girl's name.
- 6. Lubricant.
- 7. Public nursery.
- 8. Duck.
- 9. Attack.
- 10. Kind of knot.
- 14. Interlaced.
- 16. Highest point.
- 20. Over-proud person.
- 22. Carry to excess.
- 23. Journal chief.
- 24. Gaze on.
- 25. Naval student.
- 28. Boredom.
- 29. Lectures.
- 30. Outdoor game.
- 32. Greek Bee.
- 34. Yorkshire river.



BEELZEBUB JONES



MILLIER'S SPORTS FLASHBACK

IT has been suggested that horse-racing should be held under arc lamps in order to compete with greyhound-racing when competition becomes keen after the war.

Whether the Jockey Club will agree to this remains to be seen, but, in any event, it can only be made to apply to those courses that are within easy reach of the big towns.

The majority of racecourses are not accessible to workers to enable them to finish work, change their clothes, have a meal and travel to the course.

Accessibility of the tracks has been one of the big reasons why greyhound-racing has become so popular. London tracks in particular are well placed in this respect, and those not served by underground railways have buses and trolleybuses to the entrance.

In time, no doubt, the nearer racecourses could be equally well served, but this will not be possible immediately after the switch-over from war to peace.

In fact, horse-racing will be in a pretty bad way when all the big sports organisers line up for the race to capture the crowds; the Turf will be left at the post.

Certainly, everything should be done in order to be ready for the "Off," but there is so much that cannot be done without a big interval of time by the racing executives. Even if the courses which have been requisitioned are quickly given up, it will take a long time to put them in order.

Then again, the shortage of racehorses will take many years to replace, and, if taxation remains at the present high level, many of the old owners will drop out of the sport. Yes, racing has been hit harder than any sport by this long-drawn-out war.

Professional football may soon get going on much the same basis as formerly, though whether it will retain the grip it once held on so many thousands is doubtful.

Its popularity had been on the wane several years before 1939, and it was apparent that something would have to be done to revive interest in the game.

The need for producing as much food as possible in our little island will mean that many of the sports grounds which have been ploughed up will not be available for perhaps three or four years after hostilities have ceased; and quite a number of teams will have "away" fixtures only until playing-fields come into their own once more.

After all, it will be futile to even whisper a protest, as food must always be the first consideration.

Of course, it will all sort itself out in the course of time. It just means that certain branches of sport will be in a more fortunate position than others at the start.

Greyhound-racing has merely had the number of permitted meetings curtailed, otherwise they have scarcely been bothered and can carry on with a flying start over all the others.

As competition is greatly to be desired, it is to be hoped that horse-racing will not take too long to get fully into its stride, otherwise the greyhound people might be tempted into the belief that any old thing can be served up to the public.

If anything does come of the suggestion to promote horse-racing under the lights it is almost certain to become popular, provided the amenities are considerably improved.

Trotting has found a new lease of life in Australia by being run under lights, and I am surprised that nobody has had the enterprise to try it under similar conditions here. Perhaps it is because the greyhounds have become so firmly established that trotting promoters have felt it to be too risky to attempt to challenge their supremacy.

Trotting lost its popularity, not so much because the horse went out of favour, as because of the crookedness that crept into the game and stayed.

It takes a long time for some people to learn the simple truth that in the long run it is only the straight game that pays. But then, some people will never learn that lesson.

There is a nice income waiting to be picked up for someone with a bright idea to start a new sport directly the sport-hungry boys get back into civilian suits. It is useless to think of gate-crashing into the trusts and monopolies: they are too well dug in to be shifted. It will have to be something new.

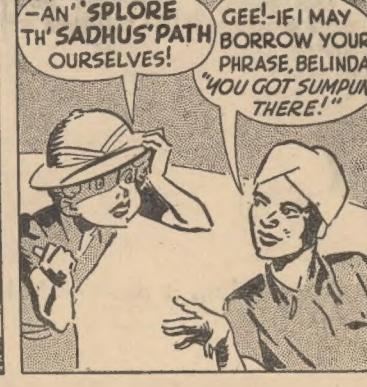
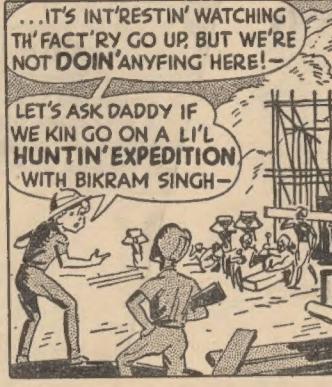
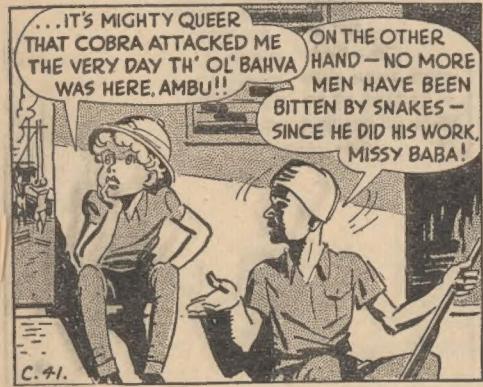
W. H. MILLIER.

DO YOU KNOW?

Dying requests are generally honoured, but not always. Nelson, on the day of Trafalgar, wrote a codicil leaving Lady Hamilton, his mistress, and her child, Horatia, to the tender care of his country, "the only favours I ask of my King and country at the moment when I am going to fight their battle." The codicil was presented to the British Government by Nelson's brother, and the Government rejected it. Lady Hamilton, when in need of help, herself appealed to the Government. The answer was a cold "No."

Solution to Mediterranean Ports.
GIBRALTAR.

BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



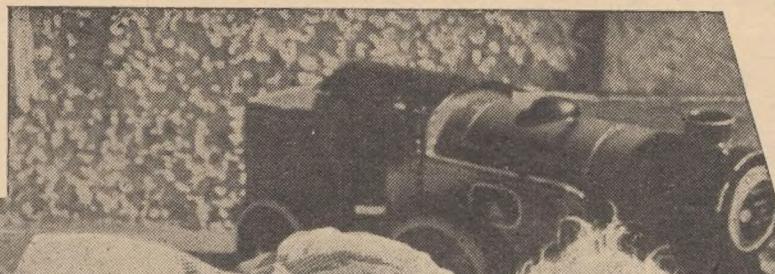
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Hmm . . . this is more than a ticklish proposition, it positively bristles with excitement."

"Ah . . . How careless of me . . . Left off the piston connecting rod and forgotten to reduce pressure of steam by two pounds per square inch . . . dear, dear."



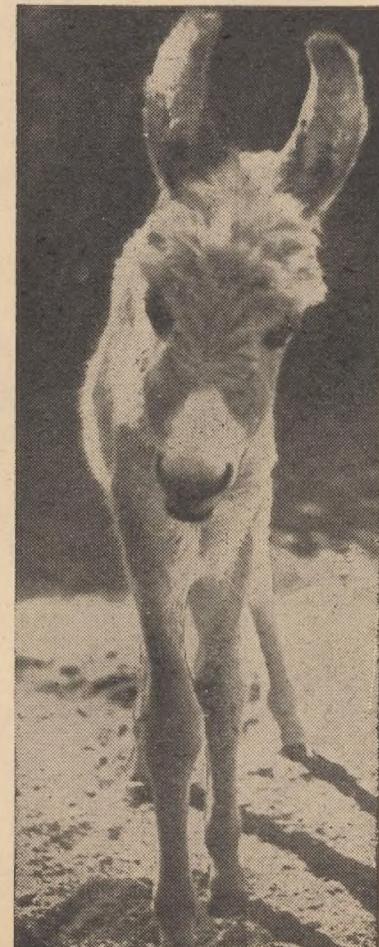
This England

The last of the harvest. A scene close to the Pilgrim's Way, looking towards Newlands Corner, Surrey.



LOOP-THE-LOOP LUPE

Anyway, there's no denying that the Columbia star sends other hearts besides ours, into circles of bewilderment.



WOULDN'T YOU
BE FED UP
IF THEY
ALWAYS
CALLED YOU
AN ASS?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'd rather not say what they call ME."

